Ben. This wind you talke of, blowes vs from our selues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
Ro. I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despised life closde in my brest:
By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my sute; on lustie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage and Seruingmen come forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away? He shift a Trencher, he scrape a Trencher?
1. When good manners shall lye all in one or two mens hands, and they vnwasht to, tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the ioyn-stooles, remoue the Court-cubbert, looke to the Plate, good thou, saue mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou loues me, let the Porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*; *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.
2. I Boy readie.
Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and sought for in the great Chamber.
3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be brisk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen. Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
Will now denie to dance, she that makes daintie,
She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare you now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day
That I haue worne a Visor and could tell

A whispering Tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would please: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musitians play:

Musicke playes, and they dance.

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it girles,
More light you Knaues, and turne the Tables vp:
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past our dancing dayes:
How long ist now since last your selfe and I
Were in a Maske?
2. *Capu.* Berlady thirtie yeares.
1. *Capu.* What man tis not so much, tis not so much,
Tis since the Nuptiall of *Lucientio*,
Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.
2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder sir:
His sonne is thirtie.
1. *Capu.* Wil you tell me that?
His sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.
Ro. What Ladie is that which doth in rich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not sir.
Ro. O she doth teach the Torches to burne bright:
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewell in an Æthiops eare,
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shewes a snowe Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes:
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now, forsweare it sight,
For I nere saw true beautie till this night.
Tib. This by his voyce, should be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the slaue
Come hether couerd with an antique face,